
Title: Book of Rituals, Tome II

Author: Amon Amarth

==o'==-\-==o'==
Until the ends of time.
Ost nagramee ramen.
Till night doth come.
Rieme let droh x'hum.
And sweer darkness
takes all.
==o'==-V-==o'==

Tome II

Of ye old ones
and
earth magick
Fools indeed are those
Sorcerers who,
intoxicat'd with their
own fame and
justify'd of theri own
Powers, do lay hold on
ye Old Ones as if they
be mere Daemons, and
seek to conjure and
hold such by ye
Cantrip, ye Spell, and
ye Five-Pointed Star.
For Daemons do verily
obey these things, but
ye Old Ones be far
more than Daemons,
and hold all magick of
Earth as vain and
powerless and all
Sorcerers of Earth as
children pretend'ng to
command ye Wind
whither it blows. Ye
most potent wizard Ibn
Al-Kadil did in my
presence try his rule
over one Old One, a
creature of most
surprising habits and
unpleasant attitude
whose name was
called Y-----c,
who was but a shadow
of dread CTHULHU in

both power and
awfulness. Said Ibn
Al-Kadil, that to but
read ye name of
Y-----c was to
ensure its coming, and
to say the name aloud
was certain disaster.
Thus Ibn Al-Kadil
had fortify'd himself
with ye most terrible
collection of potions,
talismans, and binding
spells known to
magicians of this
astral plane fore ye
invocation was ever
made.

Alas, Y-----c did
not wait on ye
invocation, but did
appear early, and all
that was left of ye
most potent wizard Ibn
Al-Kadil was his pile
of protective trinkets.
These Y-----c did
throw at my feet most
disdainfully before
vanishing as quickly
as it came.